THE EMERALD

AND BALTIMORE LITERARY GAZETTE.

MILLE TRAHENS VARIOS ADVERSO SOLE COLORES.

L. II. BALTIMORE....SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1829. NO. 49

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE EMERALD.

TRAVELLING.

travel, it is said, to see the world: to observe the ses of men and manners, politics and laws.

I suspect that in the numerous groups, which pass course of the Summer through New-York, the of that great wheel of which our coach routes are pokes, and only the ocean, and the unpeopled wil- ss are the bounding rim; but a very scanty portion be selected, into whose heads such philosophical ations have ever entered. The puffing steam-boat a motley group, and in the company perhaps not one sopher. The brow of one is clouded with disap- ment, but not at the prevalence of an impure faith; fish manners in a world which he would fain love. ther grief is his. He could not get so much as he pected for his beef, by fifty cents a hundred. The of another is bright and cheerful, not from any ex- d love of human nature, which his travels may have him; but because he can now bring his flour down rand Canal, for one fourth part of the old price of portation. Another looks satisfied and easy, only se he knows that he has given the fair market price nsburgs; that he might to be sure have bought er as he passed through Baltimore. And the mer- up that stand beneath the awning, are travelling unphilosophically for fun. Talk to any of our trav- about horseback or walking, they'll think you mad, ave the steam-boat. "Why just think sir, it doesn't half so much. There are no opposition lines on back. Besides you can get there in half the time." hen I want to see the world as I go along. "Pooh! k at the banks of the river, or at the passengers in abin."

This preposterous notion of travelling by steam, on principle of "keep moving," threatens to drive all nable travelling out of the country. When a man es on business, to be sure let him go as he best can: r as late, and arrive as soon as he can manage it, and as little enjoyment as may be on the road. Let him go by the rail-way, if there is one. But to set out party of pleasure, with a firm resolution to go over uch ground; as much water—I should rather say, as e cleared in a given time—what is it but to defeat very object in view. Let such as will, go by the d. Give me a good horse, and a pleasant companion; we'll go to New-York by the way of the White Hills, Niagara; and compare notes with you, after we get . Which of us do you think, will have the most to show for his pains? The one who has enjoyed er exercise, nor fine prospects, nor seen the inside of ne, nor observed in what situation the characters he en in his journey were formed; or he that has view- wever rapidly, all the varieties of scenery, men and vements, which three states can afford; who has d at the orthodoxy and farming of the Connecticut y; the manufactures and mountains of New-Hamp- , and the rapid multiplication of men and wealth, new counties of the Genesee bottom.

There is enough to be seen and learnt within the limits of our own territory, without looking abroad for objects of novelty or interest. Nuttall could find as interesting objects for his romantic pedestrian tour, in the luxuriant valleys and deep forests; the hunting grounds of the barbarians of Missouri, as Cochrane could ever have found among the snow-covered huts of his favourite Yakouti. Any of us may find as great variety of situation and character, as many degrees of civilization and knowledge, as many truly different nations, between the Connecticut and the Savannah, as any one man is able to examine and compare. I do not doubt that one might learn more of men, as varying in character with their various situations, whether with regard to education, wealth, soil, or slavery and freedom, by travelling on horseback, or on foot through the cross roads and by-paths of Maryland alone, from the plantations of the Eastern Shore and the Potomac, to the wheat fields of Frederick, and the Dutch farms of Alleghany; than the most respectable letters of introduction to all the capitals of Europe, would, as they are commonly employed, afford the traveller an opportunity to learn.

HORATIO.

FOR THE EMERALD.

DUELLIST'S THERMOMETER.

"Pluck up drowned Honor by the locks."

THERE must be a strange combat of feelings in the bosom of a *sportsman*, who is about driving a bullet through his adversary's skull, or receiving one through his own. The ebb and flow of passion—Courage and fear; Honor and shame; each struggling to pull down the other, while Conscience galls the whole. I have often wondered how a man possessed of every quality that could make him beloved by society; blessed with the affections of a lovely wife; and the endearing caresses of his little children, could forfeit the first, and forever blast the sweets of the last, for the sake of that which the world calls *Honor*, "a mere escutcheon," which must fall to dust with the stone that bears it.

The question is, "What are the feelings of a duellist?" I shall first suppose the *challenger* to be seated by himself, like an ass between two stacks of hay.—He places his pen, ink and paper before him, writes a little, then reads Cato's soliloquy on the immortality of the soul; his bane and antidote are before him, i. e. his pistols and his bottle. He writes again, stops and repeats Falstaff's soliloquy on honor; concludes his "trim reckoning" by writing a few unmeaning lines;—starts up—muses, and reasons with himself, thus:—"I *will* venture! for, if I challenge, ten to one if we do not meet; if we meet, ten to one we do not fight; if we fight, ten to eleven I am missed; if hit, ten to one I am not killed. Forty to one; who will refuse such odds?"

The *challenge* receives a notice at five o'clock, P. M. to meet the *challenger* at five the next morning. He reasons with himself on honor, in nearly the same terms as his enemy; yet their feelings differ. *His* can only be gauged by a thermometer, which the reader will be so good as to imagine placed upon his heart. It will range thus—At four o'clock, P. M. when he is in hopes of receiving no challenge, courage up to "spirits boil;" at five, a sudden fall down to ten degrees below zero; at nine, gets drunk to drive away gloomy thoughts, forty degrees; at twelve, goes to bed, down to zero again. From twelve to four A. M. dreams of bullets, flints and hair triggers, broken legs, graves and coffins, still ranges between zero and—ten degrees; at four, gets up; a thought strikes him that the police officers may be on the watch, or that the courage of the challenger may fail; then, rises to fifty degrees. At five, goes to the ground, and, alas! beholds his enemy—sinks to zero again. Poor fellow! no officers, no kind friend to interfere!—He takes his stand, but scarcely knows what he is about. The word is given: "one!" (—five degrees)—"two!" (—ten degrees)—"three!" Mercury freezes!—but, a parley takes place, and the matter is made up. A sudden rise to seventy five degrees.

BENEDICT.

FOR THE EMERALD.

ELLEN.

A TRUE TALE----BY THE WANDERER.

MEMORY throws her spell around me, and the bright finger of fancy points to the days of my childhood; when life was like a calm sea, glowing in the beams of the rising sun, with the mild smile of Heaven painted upon its bosom. How well do I remember the flames and the features of my playmates: the high hills I used to climb; the shady streams in which I bathed my limbs, and the deep foliaged wild-wood where I hunted the squirrel. Where now are the companions of my infancy, whose strength, skill and activity I so often strove to rival? Exiles from home, amidst the luxuries of wealth, or the gloom of poverty; or, perhaps, many of them on "that bourne from which no traveller returns"----Where is the peace this bosom felt in the sunny day of infancy? The cares of manhood have driven it away; age is creeping over me, and with it that train of sorrows and afflictions which ever darken the noon of life.

I was but ten years of age, when an accident marked my youthful career, which has often since intruded itself upon the field of recollection. I had returned from school; the play-ground was crowded with boys, all eager to join in the sport which were most fashionable among them. My heart was light, for the *troubles* of the day were over, and seizing my kite (which I looked upon with an eye of youthful pride, on account of its being made of blue paper, and having two very expressive eyes)----I sped with a shout of joy to the busy plain. In a few minutes my noble kite was poised in the air, the string spun through my hand; she buoyed upon the wind, and at length seemed but a speck in the heavens. How it prided my young heart to see her soar in the blue ether!----and how much more did it pride me to exhibit my strength in holding her in.

Through the play ground rolled a deep and rapid stream, over which a large log was thrown to serve as a bridge for foot-passengers. I sat, listless of the roar of the impetuous waters, which ill accorded with the joyous shouts of my associates. My kite looked proudly down to earth, while the twine bellied with its own weight. Suddenly a faint shriek reached my ear; and casting a glance towards the river, I beheld a little girl struggling in its curling bosom barely able to keep her head above its

surface. Away went my kite, and in a moment I was on the river bank surrounded by many of my play-fellows, whose countenances told the agony they felt, and how they wished to save the poor sufferer.----On the bridge stood an elderly woman wringing her hands in the extreme of despair, and at periods exclaiming "Save my child!----save my poor Ellen!" I need no more, the spring of feeling was touched by the appeal of the distressed matron; bidding defiance to danger, I plunged into the stream, and strengthened by the desire of saving the life of a fellow creature, soon reached the drowning girl. Made desperate by her perilous situation, she grasped my collar, and forcing her whole weight upon me; I sunk, I grasped for breath, but only drew in water. There was but one struggle left between me and eternity, when one of my school-fellows, beholding my peril, came to my assistance, and, together, we soon reached the shore with the almost lifeless body of the little girl. Shouts of approbation rent the air; the mother blest us, and shed tears of joy over her darling child. Oh! can I forget the pride and gratification I felt, when even the haughty schoolmaster came forward, patted me on the head, and called me a brave fellow?----My kite was forgotten--I returned home, and met my father at the threshold: he saw my dripping garments, and knit his brow with anger, demanding at the same time to know what mischief I had been at. Trembling with fear, I told him of my adventure, the clouds of anger dissipated, the sunshine of pleasure lighted his countenance, and, instead of a whipping, he gave me a dollar.

During my continuance at school, I often saw Ellen, and many times visited the old dame at her humble mansion in a retired part of the town, when I received additional *thanks and blessings for the life* I had saved. When I had concluded my school studies, I called on the old woman for the last time. Ellen was a beautiful and blooming girl, her countenance was animated, and the rose of modesty hung languishing upon her cheeks. When I looked at her, her eyes fell on the ground, as if aware of the magic power of their melting beams.—I spoke to her, she answered me timorously; I wished her all the happiness the heart could wish, and expressed it in all the burning words a stripling's tongue could utter----she blushed and stammered out some broken expressions of gratitude for the service I had rendered her. At length we parted; I had thought myself proud until then, but frantic nature tore aside the veil, my tears betrayed my feelings, and I accused myself of being enamoured with a poor weaver's daughter.

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Four years rolled lazily away, during which time I had got myself entangled amidst the cob-webs of a College education. I had set in my room like a solitary spider in his woven mansion, now and then looking on the winged insects that flitted around me, envying them the boundless range of their sphere of motion. I almost forgot little Ellen: or, if I did think of her, it was as I thought of my kite, a thing that pleased my childhood, but would ill become my maturer age.

When I left College; my first effort was to shake off the dust which four years close confinement had settled upon me. So dashing aside the ponderous tomes, over which I had so often scratched my head and bit my lip; I flew to New York, spurred on by the wild passions of youth, and entered with a light heart into the giddy vortex of fashion and dissipation.—Let me skip over the frantic onset of a young "buck of the first blood;" it is a blank in my life, which I now wish had been filled with something more praiseworthy.

One might, returning from a *spree*, and in right order for a *finale*, I bent my way from street to street, careless of the way, whether it led to home or to mischief. The dying lamps diffused a pale gleam through the midnight mist; not a sound was heard to disturb the silence of the hour, save now and then the hoarse voice of the watchman in the cupola of the City Hall crying the hour, or the clink of the boot-heel of some home-wending dandy on the hollow pavement. As I paced slowly down a narrow street, I beheld, leaning against a solitary lamp-post, a female dressed in a plain white gown. Her face was bent towards the earth, and her bonnet hid it from my view. I was too wary a chicken to be caught by the snare, for I knew that the streets were infested with night walkers of the kind she seemed to be, and therefore proceeded on my way whistling the merry tune of "go to the d--l and shake yourself."----She followed, I thought she did not know the tune, so hummed the very popular and plaintive air of "Home, sweet Home." I turned round to see the effect my music had upon her, she appeared to totter,----she stopped and leant against a tree; I halted too, for a deep drawn sigh from the poor wretch appeared to my heart. I approached her and took her hand, it was glowing with fever, and she trembled like an aspen leaf; "Who and what are you?"—and why do you tarry in the streets at this late hour?"—I asked with a tone of kindness—She raised her head; the expiring lamp gleamed full upon her face, my heart shrunk within me—for it was poor Ellen!—but oh! how altered!—Care had preyed upon her cheeks,—shame, mingled with remorse held its empire there—she was but a shadow of her former self!—I could not speak, my heart was too full, for all the sweets, all the fascinations of my childhood rushed simultaneously upon my recollection, and I became a child again.

She broke the silence by saying that I was the last being she could wish to see. That she had yielded to the persuasions of a notorious rake—flown with him from her aged mother, and left a home of virtue and content to drink from pleasure's cup that draught which imparts bitterness to the soul. She had lived with her lover sometime in New York: friends and money failed, and he left her destitute of both. She could not obtain employment, for she had no character; she could not return to her mother, for she had not the means. She had heard of the arts practised by the common women to allure the night strollers, and driven by despair, she attempted them.

I almost cursed the hand that had saved her from a watery grave. She was chaste as an angel when I saw her; the demon, man, had not then lapped her heart's blood with his tongue of venom: she was untaught in the wiles of the world;—how different now!—The lesson struck home to my bosom: I asked myself if I was not treading a rosy path too soon to feel its blistering thorns? Conviction might have been read in my blush; from that night I determined to alter my course of life, and I did. I supplied the wretched girl with the means to take her home; and I believe she is now partially happy.

How many, how very many females have I since met with, whose fate too closely assimilated itself with that of poor Ellen's!—and how many impetuous youths have I seen, whose folly was impelling them fast toward the dreadful brink of destination, and who needed but the little lesson I received at the beginning of my career. For, I trust that those events which bring with them the severest lessons, are sure to make the deepest impression on the youthful heart; they bloom on the waste of memory like a verdant spot in the midst of a trackless desert. The drooping flower receives fresh life from the mild dews of heaven; so, the flower of recollection is invigorated by the tears we shed for the past, and take deeper root in the heart from which it springs.

DYSPEPSIA.

Hypochondriacus leans on his arm,
The wind in his side doth him much harm,
And troubles him full sore God knows.
Much pain he hath, and many woes;
About him pots and glasses lie
Newly brought from apothecarie.—

—— *Burton's Anato*

Is the coffee-room, at the Castle Inn, Rams found an elderly gentleman and a Tom cat. The ly gentleman was sitting in the darkest corner of a box; but Tom cat was enjoying the warm sunsh the sill of the bow-window. Tom was an old acq ance of mine, but the elderly gentleman was a stran me, and therefore I thought it would be a breach of ners not to pay my respects to him first. He was Mr. Wordsworth would call a *noticeable* man; his age be about fifty; he was tall and thin; his hair was fi and scanty; his cheeks were lank, yellow, and wh less; his nose was rather purple, especially towa tip; his abdomen was drawn in—grey-hound fashion his dress was a suit of rather rusty mourning—so muc roomy for him, that I could not help thinking he *penchant* for mourning, and had indulged himself more of it than was absolutely necessary for his re able occasion. He was sitting with the fingers of his hands crushed down between his thighs, and one knee crossed over the other—his pendant leg ing close down by the side of its fellow, like the piece of a farmer's flail by the side of its handle. O cold and highly polished table before him, lay a pocket handkerchief, a pair of spider-limbed blue spectacles with pale blue specs, a well-worn pam entitled, "A Treatise on Dyspepsia," a large tumb cold water; and an open box of pills; and on this arr ment of his property he seemed to be *ruminating ve* tently. "Good morning to you, sir," said I—"a delightful day this?" To which genuine English tation he replied, suddenly looking up, like one aw from some dreary dream. "Eh?—Oh!—good morni yes, sir, I believe it is;" and then he relapsed into h minations. Heavens help the man! thought I, he is e very poorly, or hath a plentiful lack of good manners as I am neither a doctor of physic, to cure the one, knight errant, to correct the other, why should I ob my services upon him?

So I turned away from the strange elderly gentle and his pill-box and pamphlet, in the dark corner, t my respects to my old friend Tom cat, in the sun- bow-window—and a highly respectable cat he is—a dermanic cat—collar'd and corpulent—the premier c the catalogue of Ramsgate cats; and for many year been enjoying the *otium cum dignitate* of his long useful labors, by setting half asleep in this same s window, to receive the salutations and gentle patting bevies of fair dames and damsels as they pass by the dow to the sands. "Well, Tom, my old boy! and do *you* find yourself?" said I; and, like a well bred c he is, he rose from his seat, arched his back, flour his tail gently, sat soberly down again, and replied, "*rah;*"—as much as to say, "pretty well, thank y And *pretty well*, is much, for a cat of thy years, tho I; and now I look at thee again, I perceive that symp of cataclasis have began to manifest themselves i sinister optic, since I saw thee this time twelve mo but never mind Tom; be thankful it's no worse; be erate in all things; enjoy thy sunshine while thou m and never bother thy catly brains with considering w er catarrah, cataract, cataclysm or catalepsy, shall about thy catastrophe; so shalt thou avoid that ling pest "*dyspepsia*," and be honored with a catafalco funeral.

it would be a hard matter to say exactly whether or not Tom exactly understood all this—especially as his attention was more than once called off, by the elderly gentleman in the corner. However, when I had ended my advice, he again got up, rubbed his face against my hand, and again said "*purrah*"—which I understood to signify that he took my advice kindly, though he might not exactly understand it; and we were just going to make some comments on a couple of puppies who were worrying each other, on the other side of the street, about a mutton bone which they both laid claim to, when the door of the coffee-room swung open, and in marched an awfully whiskered young gentleman—a regularly-built R. Y. clubsman, in blue jacket, black neck gear, wide flowing trowsers, and broad striped red and white shirt. At three long lurching strides he brought himself up before the looking glass—set his legs apart to keep all steady—*squinned his fishonomy* on both sides—hauled up his striped standards—feathered his whiskers—sleughed himself round on his larboard peg—rolled round the table—tweaked Tom cat's ears—swooped his *starn* upon a seat—uncovered his knowledge box—poked his pair of five pronged forks through his top brush work—dragged last week's *Sussex Advertiser* under his figure head; and, making a sort of jib-martingale of his fore-arms, he seemed to be setting himself down into a sort of an idea that he was going to try to read something or other.

By and by, in comes a stiff, plump, rosy faced, curly-headed tight little gentleman, buttoned up to the chin in a close-fitting, spick and span green surtout, drab tights, well strapped down and braced up; a white hat, cleverly cocked aside; yellow buckskin gloves; and, in his nervous grasp a close rolled down silk umbrella, with the head of our gracious sovereign carved in ivory, by way of a handle to it. Bounce he came into the middle of the room—looked smartly about for the bell-pull—found it in a moment—plucked it energetically, and then, bending himself at the hip-joint, he placed his obtuse angle upon the edge of a seat, stuck his umbrella perpendicularly between his knees, and began playing a very merry devil's tattoo upon the top of his majesty's ivory head. "Did you ring, sir?" demanded the almost breathless waiter. "Yes, the bill of fare." A bill of fare as long as my arm was handed to him instanter. His eyes glanced down it in a moment. "Soles, beef-steak, oyster-sauce, chicken," said he. "When sir?" asked the panting waiter. "Now," was the prompt reply, and away ran the waiter like a lamplighter. "*Boppff! haugh!*" said the elderly gentleman in the corner, and thereupon the following collo quy ensued between them two:—

Seem troubled with wind, sir?

Eh? oh! yes, rather so. I have the misfortune to be what they call—

Taking pills for it, sir? you've a box of pills there I see.

Yes—no—these are not pills—not exactly pills—they are Dr. Kitchener's persuaders, and I—

D'ye think *water's* good for wind, sir? you've got water here I see.

Yes, I drink water, but this Ramsgate water is such vile stuff, that—

Oh! the water's very good, sir, very good, indeed—I find it very good.

Very good! why its quite brackish—strongly impregnated with saline parti—

Pooh! easily cure all that—dash it with a little *brandy*.

Brandy! *rank poison!* and so are all spirituous liquors; a man might pour burning lava down his throat, with less injury to the coats of his—

No such thing, sir—no such thing. What d'ye say to *wine*, then?

Wine! just as bad. Good for nothing but to create crudities and acidities, and turn the stomach into a great vinegar bottle—

A mistake, sir—a very wide mistake—never more mistaken in your life.

But I am not mistaken, sir—I haven't drank a glass of wine these ten years—and what's more, sir, I never mean to taste another drop of it, sir.

Sorry for you, sir—But what d'ye say to malt liquor, sir—good sound *ale*, now?

Vile trash, sir;—fermenting wash—converts the gastric juice into yeast, and the digestive organ into a brewer's vat.

Sorry for you, sir,—you enjoy your opinion, and I'll enjoy mine.

Opinions, sir! what has opinion to do with it? I am talking of facts—established facts sir; on the authority of the first medical men of the age. And as to enjoyment, sir, there's no enjoyment in the matter at all—none whatever—

So it seems, sir;—but I shall enjoy my bottle of sherry and beef-steak nevertheless.—(Ringing the bell.)

Beef! aye, there again; what says Burton? beef's a melancholy meat; and fish too—soles; you've ordered soles; utterly indigestible, and no nntriment; and oyster sauce—wheew! mercy on the stomach that can bear such a strange—

Why what the plauge *are* we to eat and drink? Why are all these good things sent us but to be ate and drank.

Good things, you call 'em, do you?

Yes, good things; I say they *are* good things. Perhaps you'd have us to live upon acorns and beech-nuts, as the pigs and ancient Britons used to do?

No, sir,—acorns are totally indigestible, and excessively constringent. But give me leave to ask you one simple question. Did you ever hear of such a thing as dyspepsia?

Dyspepsia? Yes—and I don't believe a word of it. Waiter is my dinner coming? (Directly, sir.)

You don't believe in *dyspepsia*, sir?

No, I don't—all a parcel of confounded nonsense; a mushroon, sprung up in the hot-bed of the age of intellect. Our ancester never dreamt of such a thing.

Then let me tell you, sir, that there is such a thing. I have felt it, sir; I have it; and if I hadn't had good advice, sir, I should'nt have been able to get on at all. I consulted Sir Astley Cooper, sir—

Aye, you had better have consulted your *wine-cooper*.

Oh! that's talking lightly, sir. I say I have consulted Sir Astley; I have read Dr. Paris; consulted Abernethy; *bought his book;* studied it; got it by heart almost; consulted him again and again; ordered not to bother him any more; tried tonics, vegetable and mineral; stomachics and carminatives of all sorts, quack and regular; got more empty phials than would fill a carr; all of no use! tried *little and often;* tried *six hours apart;* wore hare skin comforters; swallowed white mustard seed by the bushel; all of no use! and now I've left town for these seventeen years, on purpose to try what a little sea air would do for me, and can't get a drop of water fit to drink! sir, I wish you a good afternoon, and so saying he pocketed his pamphlet and persuaders, and walked forth.

"A *queer* old gentleman that!;' said his plump opponent, as he lifted a sole of seven inches by eleven on his plate, and almost set it a swimming in melted butter, anchovy essence, catsup, and India soy. Very queer thought I; almost as queer as the fact that what is sauce for the *goose* won't do for the *gander;* and having wished Tom Cat a comfortable nap, I strolled out on the beach, where I found a flock of sea gulls at dinner; the greedy rascals swallowing their fish alive and kicking, as fast as they caught them. *Query.* Did any body ever see a *dyspepsic* sea gull? and if not, would not their mode of dining be worth trying on the dyspeptic *animal implume bipes* on shore!

London Mag.

MILITIA SYSTEM.

Right about face! Can this be the way to make soldiers? Right backward wheel! Where are the *soldiers* going? O, there they are. What do you call their position? In line. What? do you call that in line? It wants untwisting. Shut pan! What is that fellow about? he has not any pan to his gun. He is going through the motions: just as well fire by company! (Pop! Pheuse! Bang! Psuseece!) What a noise! why! do you call that a good fire? Very good—four guns went off—more than has gone off at once for three years. What is that *officer* looking so grave for! The company is about to be dismissed, and the captain is about to address the soldiers. Ah! "Fellow soldiers! Accept my thanks for the discipline you have evinced, the subordination you have exhibited, and for the zeal you have shown. I have no doubt but that when your country calls for your services, that you will acquit yourselves as well on the field of battle as you have on this beautiful parade ground. You are dismissed!" What a running! Pop! Pheuse! Bang! and Psuseece again. Here is training! How much more military the soldiers walk. Yes! they have been training. Such are the effects of our militia system. It is as easy to distil water from fire as to make the militia, under the present regulations, good, well disciplined, and effective soldiers.

The annexed pass at a Massachusetts Legislator, is given by a correspondent of the Boston Bulletin, as a maiden speech:

"Mr. Speaker, sir, I insist sir, that every body sir, is never always right no how, sir—and that catching herring, sir, in the town of Pembroke, sir, is an honest occupation, sir, and protected by law, sir. I agree, sir, that pickerel, sir, is another thing, sir—pickerel, sir, are not on the same *footing* as herring, sir, which I maintain are herring, sir, though some call herring, alewives, sir. I can explain this difference, sir—herring in going to ponds, sir, are herring, sir; but having spawned, sir, and returning to the "vasty deep," sir, they are shotten, sir, which means they are sick, sir, and, therefore, are called *ail*wives, sir, wherefore this bill should not pass, sir; for it is against the constitution, sir—which I can prove by Pike's Arithmetic, sir—and now, sir, as I have proved all about it, sir, which is very apparent, sir, I beg leave, sir, to—to—to sit down, sir, as I am fatigued, sir."

Salem Courier.

Napoleon and America.—The following letter was written in 1814, to Bonaparte, after his abdication, by one of the ministers of state, twenty-four hours before he left Paris for Elba.

"Sire: Permit me to observe to you that it will be more glorious, and more consoling for you to live in the character of a private individual; and the more secure asylum for an individual like yourself, is the United States of America; there, you will re-commence your existence in the midst of a nation, still in its youth, and which can admire your genius, without standing in dread of its effects; you will be under the protection of law, equally impartial and inviolable, like every thing else in the country of Franklin, Washington, and Jefferson; you will prove to the Americans, that if you had been born among them, you would have thought and voted as they had done, and that you would have preferred their virtues and their liberty to all the sovereignties on earth.

Two criminals were tried for forgery at the Old Bailey; and were condemned to death. The king pardoned the one who was married, on account of his wife and children. The other paid the forfeit of his life, being a bachelor

FROM THE BOWER OF TASTE.

EARLY in the year 1782, and while the city of New-York was yet possessed by the forces of England, two men might have been seen travelling towards the city at a distance of perhaps ten miles south of it. One of them was an exceedingly tall and stout man, in height considerable above six feet, and who walked over the snow with a step that showed great strength and confidence, wrapped in a large cloak which concealed his whole body, except his harsh and stern features and his broad shoulders. His companion was a young country fellow in appearance, about the age of twenty, stoutly made and walking with a clumsy and slovenly gait, which contrasted finely with his companion's firm and proud demeanor; he was dressed in a short jacket of grey homespun cloth, and pantaloons of the same, with a huge pair of cowhide shoes which seemed too large infinitely for his feet; and with a hat which beaten in upon the crown and having one side four or five inches higher than the other, seemed as if it might have seen the snows of forty winters; his hair was of a strange red hue, and frightfully matted together, hung down from beneath this apology for a hat, but altogether, there was nothing about him to distinguish him from the commonest rustic, save his eye. While his fellow traveller's eye glowed out from under his brow fiercely and sternly, perfectly agreeing with the character of his face—*his* eye was keen and bright, while his face, if it had any character at all, about which one might reasonably have some doubt, bore that of extreme simplicity and good humour. His tall companion who was at least fifty years of age had overtaken him but a moment before, and greeted him with, "Well, my friend, this is a pleasant afternoon for travelling." "Why yes," was the reply, "tolerable pleasant--this 'ere is the road to New York I take it—a'nt it?"

"Yes, you are in the road—*are you travelling* to the city?" the reply was laconic—yes. "How far have you come to-day?—twenty miles!—from where?--what, do you belong in *that* town?"

"Yes—why' you an't acquainted there, be you?"

"Some—well what do you mean to do in New York?"

"I don't know what—father he got to scolding yesterday, and I told him faith that I would go off to New York and join the reg'lars--so I packed up and came off this morning. I heard there was another lot of 'em coming over from England—is there?"

"I believe there is—but do you mean to join the regulars *now*?"—"Yes." "Why don't you join Washington?" "Oh, because I did once, and I got a whipping for something and I *desarted*—and now I'll join the reg'lars, and if they go off I'll go with them." "Yes, but have you got a passport to go in?" "A passport! no, what's that? Why I can get in without one, can't I—I always used to go in and see aunt before now easy enough." "Ah, but you must have a passport."—"But can't you get me in?"

"Hum," said the tall man to himself as he looked carefully at him, "five foot eight--stout, young, and all that—he will make a capital recruit and I want him. What's your name?" "James Colson." "And how old are you?" "Twenty years old last December the nineteenth day."

"Very well, ride along behind me—we'll see about getting you in to see your aunt. Will you enlist with me," said he as he threw off his cloak and showed the uniform of a British officer. "Lord sake," said his companion, "you a'nt an officer be you--yes I *will* enlist."--"Well, call me Captain and every body will know that you have enlisted. Tell them when you get in that you belong to Captain Baxter's company," and he walked on.

Colson thrust his hand into his bosom as if to be sure something was there, and then followed him; when they came to the outworks the sentry lowered his musket to the officer, but stopped Colson. "I belong to Captain Baxter's company," said he and went on. "Another fool made," muttered the Briton as he resumed his station.

It was now nearly night—Colson went up to the officer when they reached the main part of the city—"Captain," said he, "mayn't I go now and see my aunt--you know she will want to see me directly." Baxter made no answer until he came opposite a large house at a little distance when he turned and said, "now you may go where you please, but you must come here to-morrow morning again, the first thing and find me." "Yes Captain, but shan't I come back to-night and enlist?" "No, no, to-morrow will do," and he entered the house. Colson now proceeded to another part of the city at the distance of about a mile from the place where the officer had stopped, until he came to a large and handsome house which he entered. He proceeded carefully through the garden on the back of the house, and then went up stealthily to a window looking into the garden; a young lady was sitting with her back to the window near a fire, and by her a middled age man, whom she addressed by the title of father.

The father was saying to his daughter as her hand laid upon his knee, and she looked up affectionately in his face, "Mary, your wishes and your hopes upon this subject will be disappointed. His Majesty is determined upon sending out another army, and we shall soon see hostilities renewed and blood flowing as freely as ever; and your father will again have to gird on with his sword in defence of his king and against his brethren."

"No, father, no! he never will send out another army—I am assured of it; he *never* will—the capture of Cornwallis *must* have taught him wisdom. Father you told me once that you were very near being killed at that siege--tell me now how was it."

"It was when our redoubts were carried--I was in the front rank, when they came on with unloaded guns and fixed bayonets. The Americans toward our redoubt, the French to the other; they, the Americans came up to us without a word, and all you could hear was the heavy tramp of their feet, while we stood ready; on they came with a terrible rush and bore down all before them, one great tall fellow was within three feet of me and in a moment I should have been a dead man, when a young man bounded forward and struck up his bayonet; 'John,' said he, I think I hear him now, 'John spare him,' and our men came down again and met them with the bare steel, and received one among them—but we had to retreat."

"But father," said Mary, "do you not know the officer to whom you owed your life?"

"No Mary," replied he, "I have never seen him since--but it is time for me to go to the meeting of the board," and he took his hat and cloak and departed. When he had left the room Colson who had stood near the window during this conversation, entered the house and opening the door of the room where Mary was sitting; he stood for a moment in the entrance way, and then uttered in a low voice the name of the frightened girl who after another look of astonishment rather than terrour, was clasped in his arms.

Come, let us explain matters a little. Thomas Hilton was a loyalist, one of those men at that time and even now called tories, and Henry Lewis who was the son of his fellow towns-man, had embraced the cause of his country and was an officer under Washington. He had loved Mary Hilton ever since the breaking out of the war, and that love which had began at the age of seventeen was no less vivid at that of twenty four. He was now a bold, strong hearted young man, of a truly noble and commanding appearance, which however he had managed to conceal from the keen eyes of his companion on the road by assuming the disguise in which we introduced him to the reader. She was a beautiful girl of nineteen; I would say that she was as beautiful as the Medicean venus or any other famous beauty, for so many heroines have been so declared to be, that by my troth that would be a slight commendation; and indeed I hardly think much, if *anything* can be said about beauty—and although some would like better to say that her face was sweet and sunny as the star of heaven—and so in truth it was; still I would rather say that she was a pure minded, noble, and amiable girl, and worthy of her lover, or her father who although a loyalist, was a good and worthy man—and who misguided and erring as no doubt he was---was by no means, no not in the slightest degree criminal!

After Henry had recounted his adventures in his way to New York, he inquired of Mary if she knew Captain Baxter. "Yes," said she, "he is a captain of the loyalists, and a principal man in the Board. When Lippenest ordered the execution of Huddy, he was one of the advisers of that cruel and foolish deed, while my father was opposed to it. Nay, Baxter went so far as to be present at the execution, and to insult the dying man in his last moments; ever since that he has been my father's enemy. He is a bold and dangerous man---Henry, beware of him."

"Is he then so dangerous?"

"He is---my father has told me that with the strength of a Hercules he has the cunning of Ulysses---that he has produced plans and given counsels which would shame the oldest counsellor of Britain---and that he has done deeds in battle which would have become the character of a Sampson. But come Henry, what have you *to say* about the prospect of peace? will another army ever be sent here by the king or not?"

"No, never---the king of England never will send more armies against us; his people would rise and fight against him as we have done if he did so; no Mary, we shall soon see peace, and then say, do you believe that your father will refuse the hand of his daughter to him who has already saved his own life?"

"What!" exclaimed Mary joyfully, "were you that officer to whom my father says that he owes his life---and to whom he declares that he is ready to render up every thing but his allegiance to the king?"

"I am---and all that I will require of him shall be this hand when his king no longer requires his allegiance or wishes to reward his services." Mary blushed and was silent---nor opposed him when he raised that hand to his lips.

It was growing late, when a knock was heard at the door. "Your father has returned," said Henry. "No, it is not his time; but step in there," and she pointed to a small apartment at the end of the room opposite the door, "and wait till we see who it is." He had just entered, when the door of the sitting room opened and there came in the loyalist Baxter; he seated himself without ceremony by the side of Mary and addressed her---"Miss Hilton, your father has this evening been put under arrest on an accusation of traitorous correspondence with the enemy, and you will have cause to fear for his life."

"Traitorous correspondence! who can believe this? who of all those who have known him can believe that Thomas Hilton is guilty of that deed?" Henry was astonished that she spoke so calmly.

"I am sorry to say," was Baxter's reply, "that I am afraid that the Board will find it their duty to believe it---the proofs of it are direct and positive." Have you ever seen them? "I have." "What object have you---you of all men---you who are the bitterest enemy of my

what object have you in informing me this, and ject have you in view?"

ll tell you; true, I have been your father's enemy, as his own fault—I *would* have been his friend. ll you the reason of this visit in three words; I —I would have you marry me, and by so doing, y save the life of your father—the proofs of his are in my hands, and the moment you become my at moment those proofs are destroyed."

en you have procured his arrest, and do you think s you can force me to marry you? no, my father's ot in your power---there are higher authorities than n the land, and to them will I apply. He is *not* in wer, and know that I will sooner wed the grave ch a wretch as you."

er gave a look in which was expressed all the rated malice of his soul as he answered, "well ou have guessed right; he *is* in my power, and un- ou say the word he hangs on the third day at the . Proud minion I will yet bring you to my feet."

Wretch," shouted Henry as he opened the door of his of retreat, and stood within ten feet of Baxter; ch, leave the room and the house instantly or I will on you as I would upon a dog."

upon you!" Baxter exclaimed; "Ha, my recruit," drew his sword and stepped toward Henry; he had but one step however, when Henry deliberately put- is hand into his bosom, drew forth a pistol which ed at the loyalist, and grasped a second in his other "Now quit the room or you are a dead man."

stood irresolute for a moment, but a brace of pis- gainst a sword were dreadful odds, and he turned ft the room, and hurried with all his speed toward diers' quarters.

nry," exclaimed Mary, "lose not a moment. John," ed to a servant who just then made his appearance, the saddle horse to the door." Henry looked round om and saw her father's sword upon the wall, he buckled to him---then springing upon his horse ding Mary a brief farewell, he dashed away from use and was out of sight in a moment.

urn out---turn out! arm---arm!" shouted Baxter as from the house to the barracks, and at the voice of officer the street was at once filled with twenty -half armed and half dressed; when Henry came on- his horse bounding as if sensible of the peril of the nt, and leaping along like an arrow. "Fire---fire!" ed Baxter as Henry's noble horse dashed to the d two of his men and four or five fired but without On he went by the sentry, whose bullet whistled to him, and out upon the road to Washington's He was safe---to pursue him would have been

ton was tried the next day, and it was with him as had said it would be; *he* exhibited his proofs and he condemned to die on the second day after his trial. night Mary saw Sir Henry Clinton and prayed for ther's life; but she was told that it was in vain--- e was guilty of treasonable correspondence, and that rdon could be granted---and that however unawil- e might be to put the law in execution, yet it must ne."

y lord," she exclaimed, "he is *not* guilty---he has een too faithful to his king---the proofs against him se inventions of Anthony Baxter."

ove that," said Sir Henry, "and your father's life is But that she could not do, and she was now made lly sensible of the truth of Baxter's words when he at her father's life was in his power. On the ap- d day Hilton was brought out for execution; a com- of forty men headed by Baxter, conveyed him to the Jersey side and prepared to execute the sentence upon him. It was a bright winter morning, and while they were putting up the gallows a heavy trampling was heard on the road, and a mounted party in number about equal to that of Baxter's appeared and attacked them with great vigour; no time was given for firing, but they were upon them with their swords in the twinkling of an eye. Baxter was the first attacked and one blow from his sword clove the head of his adversary, and threw him from his horse which Baxter instantly mounted and attacked another of the hostile party. In the mean time, Hilton being left without guards had left the scene of action and moved in a direction opposite the city and toward Washington's camp. All Baxter's men were killed, and he himself after striking down two or three, only escaped by the speed of his horse who carried him off from among his enemies.

Directly after this Mary obtained liberty from Clinton to leave the city, and she repaired to the camp of Washington and joined her father. They returned now to that village of Pennsylvania, where they had lived before the revolution in peace and quietness, and dwelt again on that farm which being confiscated by congress, had been purchased by Henry Lewis for its original possessors. Let us now return to Baxter.

Anthony Baxter was an enthusiast; men may be enthusiasts in other things besides religion; he was one in loyalty to his king; he was a man of extravagant, and violent, and overruling passions; all of which he had enlisted in the service of his monarch; and to the same end he applied all the powers of his mind which were astonishingly great, and like his physical power, of a strong and rough cast. In March 1783, news arrived that preliminaries of peace had been settled, and a secret meeting of the loyalists was held in New York; it consisted of about twenty men; they complained that peace which was now about taking place would forever destroy all their hopes and their prospects. Said one of them, "here have we spent our time, and property, and our blood, for the defence of the king, and what is to become of us when peace takes place; and when our estates in this country being confiscated, and our services to the king forgotten, we shall be thrown out upon the wild world to go down to our graves in poverty and dishonor." After these complaints Baxter rose and said---"If then all our hopes depend upon the continuance of the war, in what way can we lengthen it? the answer must be, by dividing the forces of our enemies, for while they continued, no war will be waged with them by Great Britain. Let then our emissaries make this their care to ferment divisions in the armies of America; for by this means only can we ever hope to be restored to our possessions, or see our king again ruling over his own dominions."

In a week Baxter was in the camp of the Americans in disguise, and had sent among the officers an anonymous letter recommending opposition to the will of Congress, and deliberate revolt against its authority --and had any other man but Washington been at the head of the army, its effects would have been terrible---but he was able to overcome its influence; had the armies of the states revolted, Great Britain might still have conquered, and a king might yet have ruled over this great country. Baxter's last hope was gone---and his eyes were opened; he saw at once, and as by magic the power of our country; of her united three millions and that nothing could tear them asunder---and he gave up the contest.

It was in the spring of 1804, that a traveller in the northern part of Pennsylvania entered a handsome farm house, and was entertained by its owners Henry Lewis and his handsome wife, our acquaintance Mary. As they sat round the fire in the evening, and questions were asked and answers given about the dangers through which they had passed, it was observed that their guest, a man of seventy, gazed upon them with a troubled eye, and his voice faltered as he asked them of various persons whom he had known. "Yes," said the bride's father, an old man now of an age about equal to that of his guest, "I have passed through various troubles in my time, and once I was led out to be executed, but was saved by this brave fellow here," laying his hand upon his son now a man of about forty. "And," asked the stranger in a tremulous voice, "can you pardon and forgive the man on whose account you were brought near the gates of death?" and he rose and stood like a criminal about to receive sentence, and his tall frame shook with some strong emotion. "Are you Anthony Baxter?" was the solemn question. "I am---do you forgive me?" "I do!" was the answer, and the two old men were clasped in each other's arms, and many tears sealed the reconciliation of the injurer and the injured.

A SHORT SERMON,

From the desk of Grey Dominic the Deacon.

"And the Children of Israel made themselves a Golden Calf; and they worshipped it."

My dear readers: I am of opinion that the disposition to worship golden calves has not been confined to the ancient children of Israel. If we permit ourselves to take a candid view of the subject, and look abroad in the world, we shall see people bowing down to golden calves in almost every neighbourhood. Some, indeed, bestow their homage openly, publicly, and boldly; others again, worship their idol in secret, but not less devoutly. Perhaps some of my readers, more inquisitive than others, will demand of me, where is the golden calf and where are its worshippers?

To such I would say, look at yon purse-proud man, who carries his head so high and lofty, and who spurneth the poor as if they were grasshoppers beneath his feet —and behold the crowd of sycophants and flatterers who wait upon his steps! Are not these worshipping the golden calf?

When we see individuals intent on schemes of wealth, sacrificing honesty and principle for money; oppressing the widow, robbing the orphan, grinding down the face of the poor, all for the purpose of adding another dollar to their hoarded stores, may we not say, *these are worshipping the golden calf*?

Look again at yonder formalist! so staid and sanctified in demeanor---so attentive to all the precepts of morality; although a professor of the religion of mercy, yet his hand never opened to the supplications of the needy—his heart never softened at the cries of distress. Think ye not, in secret, *he bows down to the golden calf!*.

And among my female readers, are there no worshippers of the golden calf? Do not they who covet splendid equipages, costly attire, and magnificent establishments, bow down, in their hearts, to the golden image?

And is there one among you all, who, in forming the most sacred connexion in life, has had more regard to wealth than the adornments of the mind, or the charms of virtue—who has preferred riches to wisdom, wit, learning, or beauty?---surely such an one is an open worshipper of the golden calf.

Finally, my readers, I would remark that this kind of idolatry is peculiarly seductive, and its influence steals upon the heart when least suspected. Many indeed there are, who enter the temple of the Most High, and bow down in his sanctuary --but their aspirations reach no higher than the golden candlesticks on the altar.

Savannah Mercury.

THE EMERALD.

BALTIMORE....SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1829.

☞The Editor being engaged in other literary labours, which require immediate attention, has, for the present transferred the care of the Emerald to "The Wanderer."

MNEMONIKA.--Among the new publications which we have received for notice this week, is the Mnemonika, or Tablet of Memory. As a useful and instructive book, and a book of reference, when the memory fails, we cheerfully recommend it to the public at large; and, as a Chronological Epitome, it is finely calculated for schools. Our fellow-citizen, Mr. Coale, has been at great trouble and expense in producing this excellent register; and, notwithstanding the faint attacks which have been made upon it by the *Telegraph* and the *Bulletin*, its own pages are its passport to popularity. Mr. Coale, in his advertisement, remarks:---"The publisher apprehends that some inaccuracies may be detected, which it has been impossible to avoid in a work so multifarious; notwithstanding which, he flatters himself it will be found a valuable and useful book of reference. To the learned, it will save the trouble of turning over voluminous authors to refresh their memories; to the unlettered, it will convey much instruction, and to all classes it will, at a small expense, give important and interesting information."

The Boston Bulletin *dashed* at the Mnemonika from a glance at its title; it is not, as the writer supposed, a treatise on the science of Mnemonics---but a mere chonological list of the most important events, &c. since the earliest ages. Every body must be aware of the utility of such a work.

Since writing the above we have received the *Bulletin* of the 13th; it contains the following:—

"THE MNEMONIKA.--It appears, that the title of the book published in Baltimore, by E. J. Coale, being without any further description, led us to mistake its purpose. The Mnemonika, instead of being a instruction book for systematic memory, is a sort of chonological table, a "Register of Events" from the beginning to this time, "comprehending an Epitome of Universal History." It is intended to serve as an assistant to the memory in reading Historical, and Biographical works; and as a book of reference for daily use. Of course, whatever of quiz there might have been in our first notice, cannot apply to this work; and we now think it one which we should desire to possess, and which we can conscientiously and heartily recommend to others. When we have been favoured with the sight of a copy, it will be time to speak further of its merits; our rule not to notice works, without a presentation copy, is---almost broken; for we have as yet seen only the title page and preface."

WEST POINT ACADEMY.---The Literary Subaltern, of Providence, in quoting from the National Banner, something relative to this institution, makes the following remarks:

The West Point Military Institution, is a *curse* to the country; it should be exploded; or if it must be continued, it should be re-modled, and undergo a thorough purgation. At present, it is much easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than it is for the son of a poor man to enter this institution; and it is perverted, and made the common receptacle for the sons of members of congress, and the officers of the general government, whilst modest merit, sterling genius, and unquestionable worth, are neglected, if they happen to be depressed by the chilling hand of poverty. This was never contemplated by Washington; and when that great, good, and illustrious man, conceived the academy, he little dreamt that its original and intrinsic objects, would be perverted for the worst of purposes. The writer closes his essay with the following judicious and well-timed remarks:

"Here then, under this grand scheme of the Military Academy at West Point, and its regulations, we have favorites, or the sons and relations of favorites, selected in infancy, educated for office in our government, receiving high pay and emoluments during the whole time, and to the exclusion of all others; commissioned with brevet appointments in our regular army, where they are still under pay, and may rise by regular advances under the rules of our army, to the highest, most distinguished and important stations; all by the application of "part of the revenue of the nation;" the people's money; all of which it is contended, is *unconstitutional*, *impolitic*, and contrary to the *fundamental principles* of the government of these United States."

Not being personally acquainted with Mr. Southworth, we cannot guage his knowledge of the National Academy; but, if our memory does not fail us, we think he advocated the cause of this institution when he was editor of the *Literary Cadet*. Why this change? has he failed in squeezing a son, nephew or cousin in? As much as we respect his judgment, we must make bold to say, that we do not think the Military Academy a "curse to the country." Of what stuff would our officers be made of, were it not for this institution? Is a young man who has passed his teens behind a counter or at a desk, armed with a quill or a yard-stick, to discipline our soldiers, and teach them the difference between *charge* and *discharge*? Marry! our regulars would be as irregular as our militia.

We once knew a young clerk who leapt from the counter into a snug birth at West Point; he was drilled according to custom, by an *old* cadet; but, taking his steps by the length of a yard-stick, he was put into the "awkward squad," which was composed of nobody but *him* and *himself*. His drill-master, in giving the word of command, cried, "squad! attention! at which the knight of the yard-stick took umbrage and swore that he "would not be called *squad* by any man!" so much for *counter-heroes;* six weeks drilling made him forget tape and bobbinet; for, as Ollapod says, he had "become inoculated with military ardour."

The West Point Academy is an honor to the country; it ranks among the first of the kind in the world; if we may judge from the high encomiums which have been passed upon it by many of the most eminent travellers. The course of education is such as befits an officer of the army, and such as no officer should be ignorant of. *Twelve hundred and eighty-nine* cadets have been admitted at West Point, since the organization of the academy. Out of this number five hundred and forty have been commissioned; four hundred and seventy-seven have resigned; one hundred and sixty-two have been discharged; and thirty have died. The expense to the nation has been in the aggregate $1,185,420. We would ask what this expense is, when compared to the fatal results which may arise from having inexperienced officers at the head of our men? Those that resign are not a dead loss to the country; the benefits of their education are extended in civil life; our most prominent engineers, surveyors, &c. were mostly graduates or students at the National Academy.

The Subaltern says, "it is much easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than it is for the son of a poor man to enter this institution." Indeed! We thought that any young man could get a warrant with good recommendations; provided there were a vacancy in the list of those from his state. We (the temporary editor of this paper,) have served four years at West Point; our parents were poor; yet, we ran our with the sons of *great men;* and, in spite of our plebean order, we were admitted. Of the intern ernment of the academy, we say nothing, as it bearing upon the point of argument but, of the arising from a military institution, recommended s uously by the immortal Washington, and fostered b of his worthy successors; we could fill up colum is true, our main arm of defence is our militia; b are men without discipline? What the officers pl their heads, the men execute with their ams; and officers lack knowledge of their profession, the may make better use of their legs than their arm we said before, the education of the young men w sign, is not lost to the country; in time of peace th vices are not required; but, in war they are, doubtl ready to obey the call of their country, and take th which their military education entitles them to.

THE HEIR OF THE WORLD, AND LESSER POEMS *Sumner L. Fairfield.* We *purchased* this volu other day, and glanced hastily over it, not intend give it a regular review. We always read Mr. Fai poems with pleasure; his pieces are the offsprings poetical genius; and the day will yet come when, aside the man, our country will be proud of claimi as a native poet. But, why that bombastic dedic Will the "malignity that gloated over its fiendish o the "thunderbolt"---the "desert in solitude and ho ness"---the "dastard miscreants"---the falsehoo "hurries on the *wings* of a *darkened day* to accomp diabolical designs"---the "ardent blood," &c. &c. the cause of a man who believes himself perse We fancy not. Let Mr. Fairfield say nothing; a errors, whether true or false, will be obscured by t tre of his talents. We may take more notice of Heir of the World" hereafter.

SCRAPS.

"To drive away the heavy thought of care."

A series of curious and comical etchings, bearin title, and consisting of anecdotes amplified, puns p fied, inuendos illustrated, and dilemmas delineated; a complete manual of merriment a congeries of jests visible and tangible, has just been published by Mr. Johnston of this city, the well known American Ho The designs of this artist evince his possession of th viable property, so requisite in the constitution of cessful *caricaturist*, a perfect perception of the ludi With wit at his finger's ends, and a most vivid this singular genius has contrived a work, over th mour and drollery of which, the devotees of Mom shake their sides for many "an hour by Shrewsbury c Mr. Johnston has the rare faculty of fastening up features of his figures the very sentiments which h into their mouths--the expression is identically the in his lineaments and his labels.

It is utterly impossible for us, with the meagre i ments at our command, to give any adequate notion fund of fun and frolic which these engravings co But we shall endeavour to describe some of the su before us, begging the reader at the same time to lo himself, and be satisfied that our essay in the pre falls infinitely short of the "actual fact."

The frontispiece, or title page, itself, is a com of queer things. There appears a large curtain h in the centre by the fists of a strange figure, whose ted head peers from behind the drapery, and look very *Genius of Quiz*. One corner is supported, or drawn out by a long shambling, knock-kneed f whose walking apparatus resembles a A---on the

is stationed a merry looking biped, "parenthesis--and between these personages the following ensues:

ghbour, as you are not used to holding a *Title*, I advise you, as a friend, to straighten your calliper-and stand like a gentleman, as *I do*, or you'll be d at."

hank you, sir, for your *friendly* advice---as the say-"a friend *in-kneed* is a friend indeed."

eath these figures, on the fore ground, in a recum-posture, are two others, gravely contemplating the "frame your mind to mirth and merriment, which a thousand harms, and lengthens life." Each of figures, by a happy disposition of elbows, buttons, rinkles, presents on either side a huge grotesque e, thus exceeding by 50 per cent. the advantages be-ed upon the statue f Janus.

t we open the quarto, and will try to analyze the first t. "A blunder-buss"---a solid lady of colour, and a leman dressed for the theatre, by means of an unlucky ble over a frightened hog in the dark, happen to e abruptly in contact, face to face. "Heaving the d"---a tall figure discharges a pistol, and a squab citi-n his antagonist, appears to be writhing with a *bul-let*. "Corned Beef"---cattle afflicted with staggers in nsequence of eating "rum-cherries."--- "Waiting for a p of comfort"---a crane necked sot, tippling from the uzzle of a junk bottle, in presence of two companions, o eye the toper with admiration, and contemplate with y the long journey to be run by the liquor. "Waiting a *drop-not* of comfort"---the gallows and its appenda-s, a malefactor about to swing, and the crowd with eir jibes---says a cockney, "if he does'nt speak, he'll *rop a line by post*, and you can then "*ear his noose*, and *now* his feelings."

"A forced laugh"---the corners of a large mouth com-lsively drawn *upwards* by the sturdy fingers of a mal-rious fellow in the rear. "Rare sport"---four gunners in swamp, cautiously endeavoring to approach within arm's ngth of a "fine fat *wren*." "A man of feeling"---grop-ng in blindness. "The gone horse"---a noble animal has foundered, and the owner asks the advice of a horse doctor most violently squint-eyed---"doctor, you look with one auspicious and one drooping eye, which am I to believe?" "Why, the fact is, to me the case *looks* doubtful."

The preceding paragraph is but a faint description of the first sheet. There are three others, equally, if not more amusing and laughable. The second sheet is a treatise on *fits*---a fit of the *gripes* (per baliffs)---taking a *room-attic* to avoid the gripes---a fit of insanity (paying a tailor's bill) a fit of *coffin*---a bene-fit---a fit of inspiration (writing a prize tragedy) a fit of despair (three gamblers turning pennies; one exclaims "*tail* again, the money's mine," another, "here comes a *head*, hair and all;" while the third, in his despair, has torn off his *head* by the roots, and lifting it upward at arm's length, is about dashing it upon the pavement with "here goes my last chance, if it comes *tail*, I'm dished;") a fit of the blue devils (a complete personification of hypochondria with all its real and imaginary torments;) a fit of the horrors, occurring to a condemned criminal approaching the scaffold.

The remaining subjects are entitled, a shepherd fleecing his flock; a lapsus linguæ; a horse-laugh; an eye-sore; effects produced by the attainment of letters *liquorary* character; borrowing a knocker; Boreas *versus* Navarino, (*coup de rent:*) *capitol* walking: first and last carriage; accommodation line; state of the *Row* market; a five rest; a fancy ball by the "fust coloured circles;" making use of a friend; new way to pay old debts; natural cascades near Point Judith; and *a broad hint*. Nearly all the etchings are accompanied by sententious and satirical sayings---but some of them speak for themselves. To those afflicted with leanness and *ennui*, we would humbly prescribe a dose; of Johnson's *Scraps*.

Effects of steam intercourse between England and Ireland.

But a few years ago England was to the trading people of Ireland like some rich house, which none but the more privileged classes had any business to enter; but now the gates are widely open to the public, and every one who has any thing to buy or sell, or wants to gratify his curiosity, boldly marches in. If a man in Dublin wants to purchase English goods; instead of going to bed at his own house, he goes to bed in the steam packet, and awakes in the morning at Liverpool; then he may spend some hours in Manchester, dine in Liverpool again the same day, go to bed in the steam packet as before, and the next morning he is behind his counter in Dublin, just (as an Irishman would say) as if nothing had happened to him. He has made his purchases in far less time than under the old system would have been occupied in higgling with the Dublin merchant about the price. If a grazier brings his cattle to the Smithfield of Dublin, and finds they do not sell as well as he expected, and as he believes they would sell in England, he drives them down forthwith to the quay, has them put on board a steamer; and the men of Lancashire grow fat on Irish beef and mutton. In Holyhead they do not take the trouble of baking, because Dublin bread is very good, and the steam packet brings it to them almost warm from the Irish oven, which has been heated by English coals. The fish which are caught in the Dublin bay, draw their last gasp upon the English shore; the fisherman's boat coming in is met by the steamer going out, and the fish are purchased by the steward or the sailors of the packet. The steamer is met in its return, in eight or ten hours, by boatmen from Liverpool, who purchase the fish, sell a part of it in town, and send the rest by four hours trip to Manchester, where it is eaten with butter, made in Munster, from a table covered with the manufacture of Ulster, washed down with the porter manufactured in Dublin, which is probably succeeded by a dram of whiskey, distilled in Cork or Belfast.

Fidelity in Trifles.---A gentleman playing at a game, deceived his antagonist. St. Francis, who was present, and could not endure such meanness showed him his fault. "Ho!" said the gentleman, "you know we are only playing for farthings." "If you had been playing for gold, what would you have done? He who is faithful in a little, will be faithful to much; but the man who will deceive for a pin, will do so for a crown." To this I add another saying of my friend; "Great fidelity to God is shown by abstaining from little faults: great crimes naturally excite horror, and are, therefore less difficult to be avoided."

Beauties of St. Francis de Sales.

Royal personages are not exempt from the vexations arising from the impudence of servants. We are told in the *Memoirs of the Empress Josephine*, that "her steward insisted that it was impossible to have less than twenty-two tables separately served, for the cooks refused to eat with the kitchen-maids and scullions; the servants who scrub the floors with those who light the fires." &c.

Singularity.---St. Francis worked hard at banishing every appearance of singularity from religious families, saying it was a fault which rendered piety odious and ridiculous. He wished external conformity in matters of indifference in our compeers in ranks and situation, without any aim at notoriety, and cited the example of our Saviour, who during his life on earth, was made like unto his brethren in all things, but without sin.

THE BENEFITS OF MATRIMONY.

I went to one neighbour and solicited a donation for a public object; he replied, "I approve of the object and would assist you, but you know that I have a family and that charity begins at home."

I called on a second; he replied that such as were able ought to be liberal, and that he had every disposition to aid me; but added he, "I have stronger claims upon me which I am bound to regard; those of my children."

A public charity demanded that a messenger should be sent from the city to a remote country. A person was selected whose talents were well adapted to the mission. He replied "that nothing would give him more pleasure, but it was absolutely impossible on account of his family." He was excused.

Two merchants, partners in business, failed. At a meeting of the creditors it was resolved that the one should forthwith be released; but that the other because he was a bachelor might yet, as was his duty, go to work and pay a still greater dividend.

An insurance office were about to appoint Secretary. There was as usual twenty applicants. In the discussions of the Board of Directors the talents of many were set forth; when a member rose and said that one whom he should propose was a man of moderate capacity; but that he was a poor man with a family. He succeeded and holds the office still.

A mercantile friend wished me to procure a person to fill a responsible station. A gentleman came who seemed well fitted for the office. I asked him how much salary he expected. He replied smiling, "I am a married man," which I understood to be fifteen hundred dollars per annum. He has the place. No bachelor would have had over a thousand.

In short, would you avoid trouble of many kinds, excite sympathy, procure office, or escape punishment, you have only to be married. ——— *Bower of Taste.*

A DUTCH SERMON.

The following admirable production, delivered before a company of volunteer soldiers, during our revolutionary struggle, upon the eve of their going "forth to glorious war," was calculated to inspire from the Herculean strength and courage:—"Mine friends, ven first you comed here, you was poor, and now, friends, you is prout: and yous gotten on your unicorns, ant dem vits you like a dong's upon an hog's pack; now mine friends let me dell you dis, a man is a man if he's no bigger as my dumb. Ven Tavid went out to fight wid Goliah, he dook nothing vid him put one sling; now don't mistake me, mine friends; it was not a rum sling: no, nor a gin sling, no, nor a mint vater sling; no, it was a sling mate vit an hickery stick. Now ven Goliah sees Tavid coming, he says, 'you little dampt scoundrel, does you come to vight me? I will give you to the pirds of the fielt, and de peasts of the air? Tavid says, 'Goliah, Goliah, the race is not always mit the shwift, nor ish the battle mit the strong; and man is a man if he's no pigger as my dumb.' So Tavid he fixes a sthone in his shling, and he drows it at Goliah, ant knocks him rite in the vorehead, and den Tavid takes Goliah's swort, and cuts off his head—and den all the pretty caals comes out, and strewed flowers in his way, and sung, 'Saul is a creat man, for he has kilt his dousands, put Tavid is creater as he, vor he has kilt Goliah.' Now, mine friends, when you coes out to vight mit the trampt British, remember what I dell you, dat a man is a man, if he's no pigger as my thumb.

Prejudice.---As the petty fish, which is fabled to possess the property of arresting the progress of the largest vessel to which it clings, even so many a single prejudice, unnoticed or despised, more than the adverse blast, or the dead calm, delay the bark of knowledge in the vast seas of time. *The Disowned.*

POETRY.

FOR THE EMERALD.

TO A. S. M.

Lady! ere thy fair form had met my view,
I long had known thee by the voice of fame,
And when I saw thee, then, too well I knew,
To *see* and *love* thee, lady, was the same.

The flush of lingering sunset could not vie
With the rich bloom that mantled o'er thy cheek,
A bloom that seemed imparted from on high,
Thy beauteous countenance alone to seek.

Those dark and glossy tresses shade a brow
Like alabaster smooth and polished, high—
But none, (unless by magic art,) could show
The soul breathed tenderness of thy soft eye.

I heard thee speak—('twas in that mellow strain,
Like music floating o'er some placid lake,
Which lulls the heart to rest from grief and pain)
I hung, enraptured, on each word you spake.]

Oft when I dwelt upon thy seraph smile,
I thought the world could not produce thy peer;
And when you *promised* what I'd sought long while,
I fondly thought thy promises sincere.

But I have seen thy *promise* melt in air,
I've found my hope a visionary gleam:—
The smile with which you banish'd grief and care
"A rainbow light—the splendour of a dream."

OZNOLA.

FOR THE EMERALD.

TO ———.

"When I loved you, I can't but allow,
I had many an exquisite minute,
But the scorn that I feel for you now,
Hath even more luxury in it."—MOORE.

Yes, I believed you true, and hung
With raptures o'er your lovely form,
Music seem'd ling'ring on your tongue,
'Till falsehood broke the blissful charm.

'Twas sweet to drink the tears you shed,
Tho' poison mix'd with ev'ry one;
'Twas sweet to catch the sighs you breathed,
Tho' truth and fervour dwelt in none.

Fool that I was to be the dupe
Of icy tears and moonlight smiles,
Before so false a shrine to stoop,
And be a slave to woman's wiles.

But now the luxury of scorn,
Steals o'er my heart, and every vow
I've made to love in moments gone,
Is cancell'd by my hatred now.

Go, and retail your studied arts
At Love's vendue; and, like a leech,
Buy largely at the sale of hearts,
To feed upon the blood of each.

And when your smiles become too stale,
When Love expiring yields to hate,
Should bitter anguish then prevail,
Blush at your shame—when 'tis too late.

HAROLD.

FOR THE EMERALD.

TO MRS. HEMANS.

Oh! for thy harp's sweet breathings,
Thou gifted child of song,
The holy, pure imaginings,
That in thy bosom throng.
Oh! could I strike the chords like thee,
How high, how proud my destiny.

'Tis past my skill—thy lofty thought,
Thy imagery divine—
My fancy finds a medium,
It cannot soar like thine.
It cannot cope, proud one, with thee,
So brilliant is thy destiny.

Yet for thy magic pow'r of song,
This heart hath worship'd thee—
To me, thy genius was a type
Of thy soul's purity.
For spotless must that bosom be,
That boasts so bright a destiny.

Thy features, e'en my heart portrays;
And Beauty brightens them;
For lovely must the casket be
That holds so fair a gem.
Thy features, mind, alike should be
Fit emblems of thy destiny.

And I another passion feel;
Oh! shall I Envy name;
I've envied thee—thou peerless one,
Thy widely spreading fame.
Yet, wherefore, should I envy thee?
I cannot mar thy destiny.

Then werd thou on in thy bright course,
Thou gifted child of song;
Thy holy pure imaginings,
To thee alone belong.
My envy—love, alike to thee,
They alter not thy destiny.

Yet when thou art translated hence,
To join a heav'nly choir,
O drop thy mantle—it may chance
Elijah like inspire
Till then farewell, and brighter be
Hemans's brilliant destiny.

CYNTHIA.

[Some young poet, in the Newburyport Herald, has made a floundeing attempt to imitate John Neal's memorable New Year's Ode. The following is a portion of his essay; but we think it hardly *comes up* to the original.] *Ev'ng Bull'n.*

TO THE MASS. MILITIA.

Out with your banners! flash the bayonet's light,
Purple and gold and glittering chains and plumes!
Red hot artillery booming through the night,
Uttering ten thousand foemen's twenty thousand dooms!
Broad sword and small sword, rapier, dirk and sabre,
Guns, blunderbusses, drums and blaring trumps!
Sons of the soil! stout, rocky hearts of Labor!
Up with your muzzles! scatter flaming lumps
Of glaring, shrivelling fire, till blackened ranks
Of men, like mummies, stare you stiff in death!
Cut, thrust, and spare not; raise your hosts like banks
O'er the old, hoary rivers; battlements all breath,
Blue veins, blood, sinews, hot and staunch for fight!
Each breast a huge volcano, heaving, quaking,
Each hand a thunderbolt, each eye the light
Ning's flare, as when the old forest, breaking
Beneath a huge tornado, roars, and roars and dashes;
Trunks twist, limbs fly like infants' legs and arms,
Borne on the wind, as heaven's strange fire flashes!
Gods! how creation shakes with wild alarms!

FOR THE EMERALD.

The author of the following will please exc[illegible] pruning.—*Ed. pro tem.*

STANZAS.

I sometimes would that I were not,
At eve when gazing on the deep;
Without a mourner o'er the spot
Where my tired ashes calmly sleep.

What though in this young land of ours,
We boast no stream's lethean flow,
Know every wave hath Lethe's powers
For him that lies entomb'd below.

I had a sweet-heart, none of those
Whose airy looks on all are thrown,
Her bosom found on mine repose
Her bright eyes smil'd on me alone.

I will not speak of ringlets curl'd,
Bright eyes and cheeks, the lily's shame;
Nor tell more marvels to a world
Whose lips are strangers to her name—
Tho' all that's pure of earth and heaven
Sent its perfection to her frame.

Such a shy love leap'd from her eyes
And found a hiding place in mine—
That she could coldly sacrifice
The heart that own'd her's as a shrine.

To single me from all mankind—
To clothe me with loves own caress;
To pamper me till drunk and blind,
And then to live and love me less.

I feel benumb'd—my spirit fails
Without the influence of her eyes,
Like one remov'd from tropic vales
To the cold climes of northern skies.

Ah! thou art like Jerusalem,
Whilom the royal minstrels throne,
The diamond of a diadem,
Now dim'd and lustreless and lone.

Yet now thine innocence is o'er,
Unlike that loved one of the Lord,
Thy lover shall return no more,
Nor be thy loveliness restored.

Thou art not heartless—heartless—no
But faithless even to girls extreme—
I send thee from my bosom—go—
And be thy memory as a dream.

Yet nay—she whom my heart had taken,
With whom I hoped to tread life's path,
Amid her latter hours forsaken,
Shall rather win my ruth than wrath.

L.

The Emerald and Baltimore Literary Gazette, is printed and published every Saturday, by BENJAMIN EDES, at the north east corner of Calvert and Market streets, at THREE DOLLARS per annum, payable in advance.... Edited by RUFUS DAWES.

☞ BOOK AND JOB PRINTING, of every description, done in the best manner at the Emerald office.

All communications for the EMERALD, out of the city must be directed to the Editor, post paid, or they will not be taken from the office.